

ALL NEW 1975 WINTER SPECIAL



# THE 1975 NIGHTMARE

WINTER SPECIAL

T.M.

all original  
1975 winter  
YEARBOOK

HOLIDAY  
SPECIAL

## SLAKEWIZARD

ALL NEW HORRORS

THE HUMAN DEAD  
vs.  
THE HUMAN GARCOYLES  
plus

THE VAMPIRE FREAKS

DEATHWALK!

and

Fistful of Flesh





ALL NEW HORROR  
STORIES AND FEATURES

Within the  
dungeons of  
**CASTLE DRACULA!**  
*the Fiend of  
Changsha!*

plus  
**MONSTER  
MONSTER**

**PSYCHO**

GENE DAY

# NIGHTMARE

NO. 23 FEBRUARY 1975

— edited by ALAN HEWETSON —

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## The Human Gargoyles

A very special selection of HUMAN GARGOYLE story matter — THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES on page 4, THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS. THE HUMAN DEAD on page 7, and a special preview of a very special cover in the works . . . page 10

## Tradition of the Wolf

TRADITIONS are intended to dissuade rugged individualists — but traditions are laws, and laws are meant to be broken . . . page 14

## Deathwalk

A walk straight into the fiery gates of eternal damnation . . . page 26

## Vampire Freaks

When a freak tries to be a nice guy he sometimes gets stomped on — when a whole gang of freaks by the WHOLE WORLD seems to stamp on them . . . page 38

## Fistful of Flesh

Is a court of law any place to KILL a man? What if the man isn't a man at all but is a CRIMINAL VAMPIRE . . . page 52

## Snakewizard

The birth of a brand new horror character series by Augustine Funnell — a horror event . . . page 60



# THE LEGEND OF THE HUMAN GARGOYLES



I am the creation not of God, nor of a Satan, but of men . . .

. . . In a year very long ago, a sculptor took a stone block and formed me from it . . . I remember sounds first . . . of dripping rock, falling like rain to the ground around me. It was an incomprehensible sound then, for my faculty to reason was not yet born; only my mind knew life, only my spirit and soul breathed air as it passed around and about me. When my eyes were cut by the sculptor's hands the world entered me in a flood of light that seemed to me so strange, yet so assuring . . .

. . . I have since reached the year of my conception to be 1427, but of my creator's name I have no knowledge. My reason for being, however, is definite, for it, and a smaller other, were made to be affixed to a cathedral in Friedburg, Germany; there to perform as water-spouts to project the rain, which collected in the roof gutters, away from the walls of the structure. We were so close together on our ledge, the other gargoyle and I, that another singular reason for our being becomes apparent; that we were placed so close suggests we were also **ORNAMENTS**, sculptured with unusual features and to an odd size. . . . It might be apparent to a student or a fencer of gargoyles that I was a **MALE**, and the other, smaller, stone fabrication a **FEMALE** . . .

. . . we learned language, foreign and colloquial, from the cathedral priests who came to sit nearby on our ledge to read, and then to talk. They remembered their lives as youths and talked often of the world and what they had seen in it . . . we learned war when tanks rolled into the square beneath us . . . and indignity when shot at by drunken soldiers . . . we were exposed to God's elements, and learned to love their many expressions, whether storm or calm, or the black night or the white day . . . the fickle companions, they were as constant as the priests in attending our endless sojourn atop that parapet . . .

. . . we were removed when the cathedral became a jungle to the times, and the priests selected a sublime electrical neon cross to our apologetic constancy . . . we were roughly ripped from our perch and tossed into a stone mortuary in amongst the church's adjoining old graves . . . and there — when the Gods became angry at the worship of Satan by demonic cultists; there — where man conjured **NELL** to come unto them; there — we **BREATHE** and **BEGAN** a gifted **LIFE** . . . purposefully **RE-BORN**, I am convinced, to demonstrate not only God's mighty works but the eternally negative disposition of **EVIL** . . .

. . . now alive as a human is alive, (or in a somewhat akin circumstance) and mated to the small one I named Mine who perched beside me, and somehow father to Andrew — born of our mating, I — Edward Settyros — a jealous and self-righteous person, live only to battle evil and its denizens; exist only to be poked at every turn by Satan's icy claw; I find triumph only in oppression, solace only when with those I love, respite only when I sleep, and experience optimism only as a realization of the wretched alternative to my present circumstance . . .

. . . I am not a **WRETCH**, but neither am I **HAPPY** — I am not fully alive because to be so is to be recognized as such — I **AM** what I **AM** — and the closest analogy is the suggested: **HUMAN GARGOYLE** . . .

. . . I wish only to be left alone to myself and to those I love, but I doubt that to be my destiny, for **BORN OF HORROR** I know I am to **DIE OF HORROR** . . . and what there is in store for me between those extreme moments seems predestined only by Satan . . . and I know, that **SATAN IS HORROR** . . .

...A long night in the saga of

# THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

WRITTEN BY ALAN MOORE

ILLUSTRATED BY JIMMY COOPER



...MIDNIGHT  
UPON CASTLE  
SARTYROS...



WITHIN,  
A CHILD  
SLEEPS...



...PROTECTED BY HIS MOTHER,  
FROM THE WORLD OUTSIDE...  
PROTECTED BY HIS FATHER,  
FROM THE FORCES OF ANOTHER  
WORLD ALTOGETHER, ONE RULED  
BY THE NATURAL ENEMY OF  
THE SARTYROS FAMILY.



...THE IGNOMINIOUS SATURNUS...WHO WATCHES  
THEIR EVERY MOVE...WHO GRINS A GROTESQUE  
EVIL GRIN EVERY FEW MOMENTS AS HE THINKS  
UP GAMES TO PLAY UPON EDWARD, ANNA, AND  
ANDREW SARTYROS...THREE HUMAN BEINGS  
(ALBEIT CREATED OF STONE AND SOFT MARBLE)  
WHO ONLY WANT A LITTLE BIT OF NORMALITY  
TO THEIR TORMENTED LIVES...



...I HAVE REGISTERED ANDY WITH THE SCHOOL BOARD--HE WILL BEGIN HIS EDUCATION SHORTLY AT A NEARBY SCHOOL...

...THEN HIS EDUCATION WILL BE OF THE SAME QUALITY AS OTHER AMERICAN CHILDREN.

YES--BUT DON'T WORRY! I WON'T LET THAT HOLD BACK THE DEVELOPMENT OF HIS PERSONALITY--WHATEVER QUESTIONS OUR CHILD HAS, THAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOL SYSTEM DOES NOT ANSWER, WE WILL ANSWER...

OUR PUBLIC NOTORIETY, AFTER THE APPEARANCE ON THE TELEVISION SHOW WHEN SATAN BETRAYED HIMSELF AS OUR PERSECUTOR, HAS CHANGED OUR WAY OF LIFE, MINA...

...NO LONGER DO WE HAVE TO DOUBLE-THINK OUR EVERY ACTION...

WHAT DID YOU SAY? DOUBLE-THINK? WHERE DID YOU GET A WORD LIKE THAT? IS THAT A LEGITIMATE WORD?

I CAN'T REMEMBER WHERE I GOT THE WORD--I'VE BEEN DOING A LOT OF READING LATELY--WHEN YOU WERE IN JAIL, PAUL HAWKINS TAUGHT ME HOW TO READ...

...WHAT SORT OF STUFF HAVE YOU BEEN READING?

...OH, JUST ABOUT EVERYTHING...

...HAVE YOU BEEN READING ANYTHING ON THE WOMEN'S LIBERATION MOVEMENT? THAT SEEMS TO BE VERY POPULAR--WHAT DO YOU THINK ABOUT WOMEN'S LIBERATION?

...I'VE READ SOME THINGS ABOUT IT--IT'S VERY INTERESTING--IT'S PROBABLY A GOOD THING...

...FOR WOMEN WHO AREN'T LIBERATED!



# THE HUMAN GARGOYLES VS THE HUMAN DEAD

...EDWARD SARTYROS SEEMS TO BE OF THE OPINION THAT I HAVE A ONE-TRACK-MIND--HE SEEMS TO THINK MY **SOLE DESIGN** IN SENDING ENEMIES TO BATTLE HIM (MONSTERS ALWAYS EASILY DEFEATED) HAS BEEN TO **EMBARASS** HIM WITH **AUTHORITY**, TO TURN HIS STRUGGLE TO BECOME HUMAN...

...THIS IS NOT SO, IS IT MY PET?

WAAHHAH  
WAAHHAH

WHAT FOOLS  
THOSE GARGOYLES  
BE!



...LIKE ALL BEINGS ON THIS EARTH, HUMAN OR NOT, EDWARD SARTYROS SEES HIMSELF AS THE CENTER OF ATTENTION--AS THE FOCUS OF MY ACTIVITIES, IN PARTICULAR--EDWARD SARTYROS HAS POMPADOUSLY MADE THE PUBLIC, EN MASSE, AWARE OF HIS CONTINUAL BATTLES WITH THE LIVING SATAN, IN HIS IDIOTIC AUTO-BIOGRAPHY--NOW THE PUBLIC RESPECTS HIM, AND WHAT HE SAYS IS MADE BELIEVABLE--

--SO NOW PHASE TWO OF MY DESIGNS BEGIN...

THE END OF ALL THIS, UNBEKNOWN TO EVEN THE MOST ANALYTICAL OBSERVER OF MY QUANT MELODRAMA WITH SARTYROS, IS THE ABSOLUTE REPUTATION OF MY EXISTENCE...

...I DO NOT WANT PEOPLE TO BELIEVE I EXIST! --WHEN THEY BELIEVE I EXIST THEY HAVE THE OPTION TO REJECT ME--TO OFFER OPTIONS IS HARDLY MY STYLE!

SO, MY PET, IN SHORT, EDWARD SARTYROS, THE RESPECTED PUBLIC FIGURE--THE NOTORIOUS PUBLIC DEFENDER IN THE WORDLY NEVER-ENDING BATTLE AGAINST ME, SHALL IN THE END--**DENY MY EXISTENCE...**

...I CREATED HIM TO SERVE MY PURPOSES--WHEN MY PURPOSES ARE SERVED, I SHALL DESTROY HIM AS EASILY AS I GAVE HIM LIFE!



...BUT TONIGHT  
I AM IN A MOOD FOR  
SOME FUN--IMPERTINENT  
TO MY PLANS--FOR I AM  
ONE TO ENJOY FUN EVERY  
NOW AND THEN, (AND  
WHERE IS THE FUN WHEN  
THERE IS PURPOSE?)--

--SO--FOR THE  
SAKE OF FUN-- I  
RAISE ALL THE DEAD IN  
THESE GROUNDS--THE MIND-  
LESS CORPSE HAWK, (MIND-  
LESS, FOR THEIR SPIRITS ARE  
ALREADY LONG DEPARTED TO  
HEAVEN OR HELL)--AND  
I SHALL CAUSE THEM TO  
ATTACK THE SARTYROS  
FAMILY...

...THIS WILL COMPOSE  
EDWARD SARTYROS COMPLETELY

HA HA HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA

RISE UP--RISE  
UP **HUMAN DEAD!!**  
AND DO **BATTLE** WITH  
THE **HUMAN**  
**GARGOYLES!!**





I NOTICED SOME  
GRAVES TODAY--  
IN THE CASTLE  
GROUNDS--

THE REAL  
ESTATE AGENT TELLS  
ME THE GRAVEYARD  
SECTION IS NOT MY PROPERTY--  
IT IS OWNED BY THE  
NEARBY TOWN--PRUPERS AND  
UNKNOWNIS ARE BURIED  
THERE--PERSONS OF NO-  
CONSEQUENCE OR OF  
ALL-CONSEQUENCE

NO,  
EVERY MAN  
HAS GREAT  
WORTH!

WOULD YOU  
LIKE TO GO  
UP TO BED NOW,  
EDWARD?

NOT JUST  
YET, I LIKE  
WATCHING THE  
FIRE!

NO-  
CONSEQUENCE?  
WHAT A HORRID  
EXPRESSION! IS THERE  
ANY ANIMAN OF NO-  
CONSEQUENCE?

OH, MY  
GOD,  
EDWARD!!

...WHILE YOU  
WERE FOOD-  
SHOPPING TODAY I  
TOOK ANDREW FOR  
AN A&W ROOT  
BEER...

...DID  
HE ENJOY  
IT?

...HE SAID  
HE DID--HE  
CALLED IT  
"ROOT BEER"...

...PERSONALLY  
I DETEST  
ROOT BEER!

TAKE YOUR  
HANDS OFF  
MY WIFE!





...I DON'T  
KNOW WHAT ALL  
THAT WAS ABOUT--  
SOME SORT  
OF FOOLISH  
JOKE--

...LOOK AT  
THE MESS!  
THE WHOLE ROOM  
IS COVERED IN  
FLESH AND BONE  
AND MUD!



ALL RIGHT, I'LL  
CLEAN IT UP--  
PERHAPS YOU  
SHOULD SEE THAT  
ANDREW IS  
ALL RIGHT--

OKAY!



WHAT  
A MESS!





next:  
**KIDNAPPED!**

a **VERY SPECIAL**  
cover issue is coming soon!

# THE HUMAN GARGOYLES

THE ILLUSTRATED HORROR MASTERPIECE BY  
ARCHAIC **ALAN HEWETSON** AND MACABRE **MAELO CINTRON**



THIS ISN'T EXACTLY 100%  
WHAT THE COVER WILL LOOK LIKE!

Mystified? Cover artist **SEGRELLES**, working on editorial ideas, painted the magnificent cover painting you see above — then **HUMAN GARGOYLES** artist **MAELO CINTRON** took over to give it his personal Gargoyles touch, as it will appear on a cover very shortly. The picture above is a collector's item, because you're looking at the Segrelles art before Cintron made his personal touches to the piece — compare this with the finished cover, on sale soon! A very special **HUMAN GARGOYLES** ISSUE!

# NIGHTMARE MAILBAG

Correspondence from  
Charles Howie, Jr.

The best story in this issue (NIGHTMARE #23) is An A TALE OF HORROR: Story Idea THE BLACK CAT. Because, (a) The panels which were completely randomized effectively caught the atmosphere of the story and realistically portrayed the German soldier and the ruined city. Unfortunately, some of the panels were almost simple line drawings and their special purpose, if any, was lost to me. Also, the panels blended well and were part of the script rather than simply an illustration of it. (b) The story line in "THE BLACK CAT" is of course in the classic tradition of the investigation of a man driven mad by a fault in his own personality and his subsequent attempt to atone for his sins. The story takes advantage of the truth of paranoia and illustrates it very well. Unfortunately, in your magazine, the story was too short and the art work rather poor.

**FAVORITE ALL-TIME STORY:** In truth, I have no all time favorite. However, your recent adaptation of E. A. Poe's "BERENICE" is among the best I have read in your magazine. A close second is "THE MAD-STORM" by the same author.

"I buy the HORROR/MOOD magazines because they appear to me to be the sincerest attempt to produce authentic (more or less adult) horror stories in the classic tradition. Most of the stories, I must admit, are hardly worth reading and are soon forgotten. From time to time, however, you produce a "gem" such as E.A.P.'s "BERENICE". Were it only that such gems were more frequent, I've been reading comics from 1944 when I was just able to puzzle through a BATMAN story. Since then, I've kept searching for those stories which can best be told in illustrated form. Those jewels which remain in your memory to be reread at again and again. Since Alan Hewitt took over as editor of the SPOOK-WALD magazine the incidence of memorable stories - ones that give you something to think about and discuss with friends - has been higher than it used to be of the other illustrated mag-

azines available. Also, there seems to be a desire to keep to the classic elements of horror like those found in the works of Poe, Lovecraft, and others which involve the distortions of reality which occur in a diseased mind.

**"FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD WRITER:** Edgar A. Poe

**FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD ARTIST:** Actually, I am hard pressed to choose between Kirlian and Deis Rose. I suppose if I had to choose one it would be Kirlian. In my view, his beautifully detailed drawings are such a masterpiece in themselves. He captures emotions with facial expressions, his drawings belied with the story line rather than simply illustrating it. I would compare him with the best of "Ghastly" Graham Ingels. Deis Rose is also effective but many of his drawings appear a bit too "mooey" for my taste.

**FAVORITE COVER ARTIST:** Here I will indicate a tie between Fernandez and Jed with perhaps a tiny edge to Fernandez for his particularly grim depiction of the dead rising from the grave.

of the properties of the afternoon or evening such that the intensity of horror which results from reading the story in many instances the text story has an inherent advantage over the illustrated story in that the pictures replace the imagined scenes of the reader which are unique and result from the attack on the reader's sense of security based on his "understanding" of reality. When the ordinary appears to be "unknown", or the situation unpredictable, the reader begins to feel a loss of control and then if the story is very well done, he slides down into the psychological state of "fear" in its various forms. The great strength of the illustrated story is that the scenes are more permanent, detailed, and perhaps beyond ideas which could be produced by the reader. In this case, the text and the pictures may play upon the reader's imagination. Stories which deal with "degeneration" of the normal given special properties, essences of adolescent dreams, phobias which are part of everyone's psyche, or forms of madness seem to play an important role in the most effective stories of this type.

"Stories should be of a length suitable to making them effective. However, I would avoid very long stories because if they don't appeal to me a great part of your magazine loses its

appeal in that particular case. **PHOTO-FEATURES:** These feature appeal to me when they are devoted to the classic horror films (rare stills, production techniques, etc.) or if devoted to the lives of famous writers of horror fiction. Your article on H. P. Lovecraft was very appealing to me. Your photo of his grave site was particularly fascinating.

**"FAVORITE HORROR - MOOD TITLES:** It is impossible to pick out a PARTICULAR TITLE because as far as I am concerned the title should be edited exactly to the story and may vary so considerably that there seems to be no "type". Generally, however, I like the shorter titles devoted to a key aspect of the story such as THE FUNERAL BARGE and RATS IN THE WALLS and so on. Also, grim humor has a place in titles especially as seen related to a particular detail in the plot such as "BAD CHOICE".

**"SUMMARY:** Thanks for reading all of this. I was as sincere as possible. I would like to see your magazines improve along the lines that I have outlined. I do enjoy them as they are but let's make them perfect. I hope my remarks were the kind of help you were looking for to bring your magazines more in line with the reader's desire." Charles Howie, Jr.

## WEREWOLF

coming up soon



now on sale

**FAVORITE TYPE OF STORY:** Here I would describe stories dealing with the ordinary which when seen under bizarre conditions by a healthy mind or under normal conditions by a diseased mind become transformed into the state of unknown. In all cases, however, there must be enough indication





## ***the Fiend of Changsha!***

In PSYCHO #21 the bizarre character THE FIEND OF CHANGSHA, illustrated by Korean/New York artist CHULL SAHNG KIM, made its debut — on the last page of that story. If you recall, we placed a coupon requesting YOU, the reader, to vote life or death for the series! We were OVERWHELMED by your response DEMANDING life for the new character — so be it — in the new PSYCHO (#24 — THE 1975 WINTER-SPECIAL) chapter 2 will wing its way into your bleeding hearts as a regular every-issue feature — miss it not, on sale December 26, 1974!



— AND YOU — WHO  
DECEIVED ME — WILL BE  
MY FIRST VICTIM !

NO CHAN' HAI, THIS IS NOT  
THE WAY ! THIS IS  
NOT RIGHT !



THE SHARP CLANGING OF HAMMER AND ANVIL RINGS THROUGH THE QUIET AUSTRIAN VILLAGE... THE AIR BECOMES PRESAGIOUS WITH EXPECTATION AS THE HOURS OF DAYLIGHT SOFTLY DRIFT TO A CLOSE.



ON MOST SUMMER EVENINGS WHEN THE WORK IS PLENTYFUL, THE SOUNDS OF THE BLACKSMITH AT WORK ARE HEARD LONG INTO THE NIGHT.

FOR WITHIN SHORT HOURS THE FULL-MOON WILL RISE AND EVIL WILL STEAL THE DARKENED WOODS.

LET THE COALS GLOW COOL. WE HAVE DONE ENOUGH WORK THIS DAY!

THE CAPTAIN BE DAMNED! THERE IS FAR MORE IMPORTANT WORK TO BE DONE THIS NIGHT!

WHAT WILL THE CAPTAIN SAY WHEN HE FINDS THAT THE SHOE WAS NOT BEEN REPLACED?



BUT THIS NIGHT IS FAR DIFFERENT THAN THE OTHERS—



FOR LONG YEARS YOU HAVE KNOWN OF MY ABILITY, MY SON. WHEN THE MOON IS FULL WE VILLAGE MEN HUNT THE MOST hideous AND INTELLIGENT OF BEES—

...THE **WEREWOLF!**

TONIGHT SHALL BE NO DIFFERENT!

written by EDWARD FEDORY  
illustrated by ROBERT MARTIN

# TRADITION OF THE WOLF



LATER, AS THE RISING OVER MOON REPLACES  
THE SUN ON THE NOW DARKENED HORIZON--

LAST MONTH  
WE LOST OLAF  
HAUSER.  
WHICH ONE OF  
US WILL IT BE  
TONIGHT?

TONIGHT HIS BORN  
WILL BE STREWED  
ON THE SIDE OF MY  
SHIP!  
ALTHOUGH IT DOES NOT  
FEAR US--YET, WE  
SHALL TEACH IT THE  
MEANING OF--  
--TERROR!

LET US SPREAD  
OUT SO WE CAN  
FIND HIM!

FROM WITHIN THE SHADOWS, QUICK, RED  
EYES FOLLOW THE SCRY OF MAN!

HE IS  
NEAR!

MEIN GOTT  
IN HEAVEN!

IN THE RAPIDLY FLICKERING LIGHT, BONE, TENDON  
AND MUSCLE ARE SLASHED AND TORN BY BLOOD-  
MAILED CLAWS!

CHILD OF EVIL... SON OF THE ANGST...  
WITH PREY IN HIS GRASP HE SINGS  
HIS VICTORY TO THE MOON!

A GROTESQUE PRIMITIVE RITUAL  
BEFORE THE FIRST!

QUICKLY!  
IT CAME FROM  
THIS  
DIRECTION!

IN THE DIM LIGHT OF TORCH AND MOON,  
THE SEARCHERS ALMOST STUMBLE  
OVER THE GIGANTIC MESS THAT  
LITTERS THE FOREST FLOOR.

WHO  
WAS IT?

IT LOOKS  
LIKE JENSEN.

WEIN GOTT--  
WE MUST  
FIND THE WOLF  
BEFORE IT  
KILLS AGAIN!  
SEARCH THE  
AREA-- IT MUST  
BE NEAR!

SUDDENLY, AS THEY SEARCH THROUGH  
THE DENSE FOREST, A STRANGE  
MOVEMENT IS NOTICED--

THE MERKHAU!  
HE HIDES  
AGAINST THE  
TREES, WAITING  
FOR ME TO DRAW  
NEARER!

I SHALL  
NOT FALL PREY  
TO HIS  
CUNNING!

CLIKK

AS THE EXPLOSIVE CHARGE BURNS  
THROUGH THE FOREST, A SILVER  
ARROW OF DEATH TEARS THROUGH  
THE AIR!

WITHIN SECONDS THE RUSTIC STREETS  
POUNDED WITH WAVEY STEPS TO VIEW  
THE CRIMINALS THAT HAD KILLED  
VICTIM TO THE SILVER BULLET-

NO LONGER WILL  
MY VILLAGE LIVE IN  
FEAR--  
--THE HERRINGBOLT--  
IS DEAD!

DEAR GOD IN  
HEAVEN--  
--MYST ANDIOUS  
THINGS HAVE  
I DONE?

SERIES /  
SERIES!

I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO SHOOT HIM! &  
I THOUGHT THE HERRINGBOLT  
WAS ON THE OTHER SIDE OF  
THE BRANCHES--  
--NOT HIM!

WE MUST BRING  
HIM HOME BEFORE HE  
DIES! HE MUST NOT  
DIE ON THE GROUND  
LIKE--  
--AN ANIMAL!



IT WAS AN  
ACCIDENT!

WHAT HAS  
HAPPENED?

IT IS YOUR FATHER--  
--HE'S BEEN SHOT!



QUICKLY BRING  
HIM TO HIS ROOM!  
WAS HE REGAINED  
CONSCIOUSNESS  
AT ALL?

AS WE HAVE BEEN  
CARRYING HIM, HE  
HAS CALLED YOUR  
NAME MANY TIMES--  
--HE KEEPS  
REPEATING THAT  
THERE IS SOMETHING  
HE MUST TELL YOU.

USING UP WHAT LITTLE TIME AND ENERGY HE HAS, THE  
BLACKSMITH STRUGGLES TO SPEAK-- HIS VOICE IS ONLY  
A FADE AND BITTERED REMNANT OF HIS ONCE  
POWERFUL THROAT!



--STEPHAN--

YES FATHER,  
I AM HERE

EXCEPT FOR THE CRY OF AGONY AT HIS FATHER'S DEATH,  
NO SOUND BROKE FROM BEHIND THE CLOSED DOORS OF  
THE DEATH CHAMBER. A FLEET, MURDERER FORM CAME  
TO THOSE DOORS AND ANNOUNCED HIS GRIM TIDINGS--



--TELL THE OTHERS  
TO LEAVE--  
I MUST CONFER  
SPEAK WITH YOU  
ALONE--



MY FATHER, GERRIE  
GUNNARSSON IS  
DEAD--  
--RETURN TO YOU  
HOMES!

SOME THOUGHT THAT HIS MIND HAD BECOME UNHINDED  
IN ITS GREAT SORROW, FOR THERE WAS A BURNING  
LIGHT OF INSANITY THAT SEEMED TO GLOW IN HIS  
EYES.

STEPHAN CONTINUED HIS FATHER'S TRADE  
AND LIKE HIS FATHER, WAS VERY GOOD AT IT!  
—AND TRUE TO HIS FATHER'S EXAMPLES, ON  
NIGHTS OF THE FULL MOON HE WOULD AWAY!



—BUT UNLIKE HIS FATHER, HE  
CHOOSE TO HUNT ALONE!

THE SETTING SUN THROWS SHADOWS  
ACROSS THE GRAVES OF THE VILLAGE DEAD, AND THE  
PUNISHT SCENT OF ROTTING FLOWERS LAGS IN THE  
AIR. HE FOUND IT SOOTHING TO STARE ABOVE THE  
DEAD, AND FOUND COMFORT IN HIS ONE-SIDED  
CONVERSATIONS WITH HIS DEAD FATHER.



MANY TIMES HE HAD BEEN BEEN TALKING TO THE  
STONES — AND SOON ALL IN THE VILLAGE SHUNNED  
HIM AS ONE WOULD A UPPER. ONLY THE BRAVE  
DARED LOOK IN HIS EYES, FOR THEY WERE EYES  
THAT COULD PIERCE A MAN'S SOUL AND FREEZE  
HIS BLOOD.



THEY THOUGHT HIM MAD!

IT IS AT TIMES LIKE THESE--*BETWEEN THE HUNT*-- THAT THE RESPONSIBILITIES I HAVE INHERITED SEEM TOO GREAT!

IT IS TIMES LIKE THESE THAT YOUR APPROVING WORDS WOULD BE SO GREATLY WELCOMED-- BUT YOU ARE DEAD, A MERE SHADOW OF WHAT YOU ONCE WERE!

RIP

TERE GUNNARSEN  
BN-1950

THE WIND IS MOVING THROUGH THE THICK FOREST, CARRYING THE SCENT OF PINE AND OF THE ANIMALS HIDEN IN THE GROWING DARKNESS! SOON, THE AIR WILL BE RIFT WITH STILL ANOTHER GHOST--

--THE ONE YOU KNEW SO WELL--  
...THE SCENT OF MAN!

SOON TO BE FOLLOWED BY--  
--THE SWEET TASTE OF--  
**HUMAN FLESH!**

NOCTURNAL GULLIVER AS THE SHELL OF REMAINING MEN LACES THE AIR! IT IS A SCENT THAT BRINGS SALINE FLOODS TO THE MOUTH, AND RAISES CURVED BARS FOR THE FANTEST SOUND OF A DYSTANT THAG SNAPPING!



MANY ARE THE GIFTS THAT PASS BETWEEN FATHERS AND SONS, BUT NONE ARE SO STRANGE NOR SO INTIMATE AS THIS!



# the ARCHAIC BACK ISSUES VAULT of HORROR-MOOD MASTERWORKS

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NIGHTMARE #7 . . . \$2



NIGHTMARE #8 . . . \$2



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NIGHTMARE #12 . . . \$1.50



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illustrated by AMIE CRANDON

HIS LIONS LESS CARRY HIM FROM THE BURIAL SITE, BUT NOT FROM  
THE GRIMING WORDS THAT ECHOED PLASQUE EACH FOOTSTEP!



# DEATH WALK!!



HOW MANY TIMES  
HAVE CHILDREN DIED  
IN THIS VILLAGE?



HE KNOWS THAT MY  
DRAINING THE DISEASED  
BLOOD FROM MY PATIENTS  
GIVES HIM A COVER!  
THEY SUSPECT ARE--  
--AND REMEMBER THOSE HEEDFUL  
MOLES WHERE HE ATTACHES  
HIMSELF...  
--LIKE A  
LEECH!



IN THESE VERY  
BOWS, I SENSE  
THAT HE IS NEAR!  
AFTER ALL THESE  
LONG YEARS OF  
SEARCH AND  
QUEST MY GOAL  
IS FINALLY IN  
SIGHT!

HE PIVOT TO HIS COTTAGE, WINDS BETWEEN STRETCHES OF  
SHARLED AND TWISTED TREES... RIBBON-LIKE SHADOWS  
ASLUNE GROTESQUE DEFORMITY AS THEY HUG THE  
DAMP GROUND!



THREE HAVE DIED  
IN AS MANY WEEKS!  
AND YET, IT IS THE DYING THAT  
IS NOT DEATH...  
--AND THE LIFE THAT IS NOT LIVING!

SOMEWHERE IN THE BLACK DISTANCE A MOUSE SQUEALS AS IT  
STRUGGLES IN THE IRON GRASP OF AN OWL'S TALONS, AND  
THE LONE SHE-WOLF SINGS HER LAMENT TO THE MOON--



SOON...  
--SOON THEIR FEARS  
WILL BE GONE, AND  
MY MISSION WILL  
BE COMPLETED!



HIDDEN WITHIN THE SHADOWS,  
A TWISTED, MUTED FORM  
CLOSELY WATCHES THE DOCTOR'S  
MOVEMENTS!

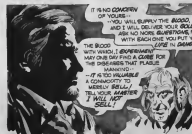
I FEEL THE EYES  
OF ANOTHER WATCHING  
ME!  
--AT LAST HE SHOWS  
HIS HAND!

THE ENGINE LEAVES THE PORTER BEHIND, AND RACES WITH HIS BOWING LEGS TO THE LIGHTED WINDOW...

...WHERE HE PEEES OVER THE BILL WITH HIS SMALL, GLICK EYES!



ASHORT WHILE LATER, THE MAN OF MEDICINE LISTENS ATTRACTIVELY TO THE STRANGE MESSAGE DELIVERED BY A CREATURE MORE TOAD THAN HUMAN!



IT IS NO CONCERN OF YOURS...

"YOU WILL SUPPLY THE BLOOD, AND I WILL DELIVER YOUR GOLD! ASK NO MORE QUESTIONS, FOR WITH EACH ONE YOU PUT YOUR LIFE IN DANGER!"

THE BLOOD WITH WHICH I EXPERIMENT MAY ONE DAY FIND A CURE FOR THE DISEASES THAT PLAGUE MANKIND.

--IT IS TOO VALUABLE A COMMODITY TO WASTELY SELL! TELL YOUR MASTER I WILL NOT SELL!



--AND MY MASTER WILL PAY YOU IN SPENDING NEW PIECES OF GOLD! --LOTS OF GOLD! ALL HE DEMANDS IS THE BLOOD YOU LET FROM THE BODIES OF YOUR PATIENTS!

I DRAIN THE DISEASED BLOOD FROM MY PATIENTS TO MAKE THEM WELL! I AM A BALENDONER--A MAN OF SCIENCE--NOT A LEECH!



WITH HIS TOWNSHIP GUEST GONE, THE DOCTOR RELAXES IN HIS LEATHER CHAIR WITH A PIPE OF FINE CAROLINA TOBACCO--



I SHOULD EXPECT HIS ARRIVAL SHORTLY, AND LITTLE DOES HE REALIZE--

HE SHALL NEVER LEAVE THESE ROOMS AGAIN!

--AND WAIT!--

EVERYTHING HAS BEEN PREPARED-- HE SHALL NOT ESCAPE ME THIS TIME!



THE SILENT EVENING IS SHATTERED BY THE STEADY, BODDAGING SITU OF MEMBRANEOUS WINGS AS THEY CUP THE STILL AIR!



IT SEARCHES THE DARK FOREST, GROUNDING WITH SHADOWS, FOR A SOLITARY BEACON--

--TO GUIDE IT TO FOOD!

**DELICATE, ARMED WINGS FLUTTER BACKWARDS AS THE PLUMMETING CREATURE PREPARED TO LAND!**



**A MIST THAT CAME NO SHADOW NOR SMELL RUSHED THE ROOM!**

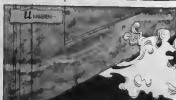


**SUDDENLY, A BOLD FORM BEGINS TO APPEAR IN THE THICKENING MIST...**



**THE AIR IS  
RIFT WITH EVIL--  
HE HAS  
COME!**

**IN A BLUR OF CELLULOID ACTIVITY, THE BLACK HAIRIED FORM OF BAT TRANSFORMS INTO PAINT WHIPS OF ANXIETY AND FURORS BENEATH THE LARGE, OAK DOOR!**



**WITHIN SECONDS, THE MISTS THIN TO REVEAL A GARGantuan PRESENCE!**



**BARON  
KORLOK!--  
I AM GLAD  
TO SEE THAT  
YOU COULD  
COME!**





IN A BLINDING FLASH, THE SCYTHE  
SEVERES THE ROPE...







WITH DEADLY ACCURACY, THE WOODEN MISSILE  
FINDS ITS DESIRED TARGET!



A WHIZZING, AEROMATIC WIND STIRS THE SMALL  
PILE OF ASHES THAT LAY ON THE FLOOR. THE  
ASHEN FLAKES DANCE IN THE WIND'S EMBRACE,  
THEN FALL LIFELESS!



SUDDENLY--

YES...  
ONCE YOU KNEW ME  
SLIGHTLY!

YOU DIED MANY YEARS AGO,  
AND ENTERED THE REALM  
OF DEATH--

--WHERE I AM ALIVE!  
THEN SUDDENLY YOU WERE  
DRAINED BACK BY THE  
VISCEROUS CURSE THAT LIES  
UPON YOUR SOUL / DRAINED  
BACK TO ASHES UPON THE  
LIVING--

--TO CONDEMN ME TO  
YOUR SISTERHOOD

**DEATH WALK!**

DEEP WITHIN THE DARK WOODS, TORMENTED LIKE SOME  
ILL-FATED INSECT, A DISEASE HAS BEEN ERASED.  
MEN SHALL NO LONGER FEAR IT--AND CHILDREN  
SHALL NO LONGER CRINGE AT THE MENTION OF  
ITS NAME... FOR DEATH HAS COME TO CLAIM A  
STRAY MEMBER OF HIS FLOCK!

# Time for living

I am — or more correctly, I WAS, a crewman aboard the French frigate 'GALLEON'. Now all aboard her are dead, and the proud GALLEON lies at the very bottom of the ocean — and I stand aboard a wooden platform about to be beheaded, about to DIE.



# Time for dying

How long I have wanted to die, though not so horribly as this. I desire a just death, and a merciful, peaceful death, but French law does not permit such honor — it dooms me to wither in agony, only compounding the manifold horrors that already destroy my body. But what care I now? — in a few minutes I will be dead — all the agonies will be over, and they, not I — THEY will be the ironical victims of their injustice.

Months ago the GALLEON was returning from Egypt, loaded up with silks and jewels and perfumes, rich cargo from the Mid-East, in return for our own cargo of certain cured meats, vegetables and crafted muskets and weapons. Sometime out of port a disease, unknown in origin and in type, spread the ship. Men died every hour, literally on the hour, of the plague which was somewhat like scurvy, and somewhat like leprosy. Their skin rotted, their tongues bloated, their eyes became filled with mucus — at length they could not breathe for their throats were clogged with phlegm and their nostrils filled with blood. They could not speak, and could hardly scream. Many could not endure their agony and leaped overboard, to either drown or be eaten by ever-present sharks. In a very few days, the ship had lost half its crew, and there seemed no end to the misery aboard our vessel. A few of us who still seemed strong, appealed to the captain, a very straightforward man. We begged him to make for the nearest port, so that those who still lived could flee this plague, or at least obtain some medical attention. He refused, saying frankly that in all probability we were all doomed. He said he would never enter any port so long as we had disease, for unquestionably we would infect others and the plague would spread. He insisted we accept our fate as men.

Twenty of us mutineered. We took over the GALLEON, regrettably killing our captain and several mates, and we made for the nearest port, which was DUSLOIN, just off the southern French coast. Only a few of us still lived, and many of us (not I) were becoming diseased even as we deserted the ship and rowed ashore. We were met by several constables — they looked upon our disease and instantly shot at us, killing several of us with their fire.

I, and just a few others, escaped and made our return to the ship. How so few men managed the GALLEON to open sea I find it hard to say, but we survived until the great storm broke, tossing us hopelessly about and breaking us apart. All the men were washed overboard, so far as I know, and only I survived, leashed to the wheel of the ship, and unconscious during the horror of the crashing waves and the blinding rain and shrieking wind. When I awoke I was in the water roped to the wheel — all about me other bits of debris floated in the calm waves. I could see land, and with all exertion of my weakened command, paddled to the shore, a task consuming several hours.

It is French law, as indeed it is the law of every nation, that mutiny is as villainous a crime as treason, automatically punishable by death. The court of law where I was tried only yesterday, only a day out of the water, dealt its justice quickly, pronouncing sentence in the same breath as it announced charges against me. And so now, here I stand, awaiting the execution. The crowd shouts and cheer and scream for my blood, and they will not be denied, for even now the executioner steels his nerves and prepares to decapitate me.

I will place my head upon the block, he will slowly raise the mighty blade and swing it powerfully upon my neck, severing my veins and my flesh. My head will roll into a little basket. The crowd will roar in glee. My soul will go to hell. Then I will be eaten, or at least my head will be eaten, by the dogs, and those dogs, carrying the disease in my body, will become rabid and will infect the people of this town — the people who were so quick to pass judgement on me will rot, as my shipmates rotted. I am the carrier of the disease, of course, though the townspeople do not realize it (I realized it myself only a short time ago, when I found I was the only one alive aboard the GALLEON without the plague). Living I might destroy them all — dead, I will certainly destroy them all — thousands, perhaps millions will die. I do not mean to say I am happy about this, but at least I will have my revenge. I could tell them, but it would not help them to avoid their awful fate. As I die, so dies half of Europe — even now, as I await the axe, I look about and I see the early stages of the plague, their eyes are filling with mucus, their mouths emit excessive phlegm, — ah, the executioner turns, the crowd roars, it is time to die!

THE GODS  
ONCE CONFRONTED  
SATAN AND HIS  
LEGIONS HERE  
ON THIS  
HILLTOP!  
...IT'S AN OLD  
INDIAN TALE...

WELL WHAT ABOUT THAT  
IDEA JOHN HAD--START  
UP OUR OWN TRAVELLING  
CARNIVAL OF  
FREAKS...

WE COULD TRY IT  
BUT I DON'T THINK IT'LL  
WORK--A CARNIVAL IS MORE  
THAN FREAKS... WE NEED CIRCUS  
ACTS, CLOWNS, SIDE SHOWS TO  
DRAW CROWDS...  
...THE CARNIVAL WERE WITH ADAM  
HAD GOT ALL THAT AN STILL IT'S  
GONN' OUT OF BUSINESS!

YEH, BUT HIS  
WINT' GODS, OR EVEN  
SATAN'S LEGIONS...  
FACT IS AT THE END  
OF THE MONTH WE'RE  
NOT EVEN GOING TO  
HAVE WIFE... THE  
CARNIVAL FINISHED  
I CAN'T SO ADD WE!

YEH JOE'S RIGHT-- WE  
GOTTA GET INTO SOMETHING  
WORTHWHILE... YOU'VE ABOUT  
A LITTLE BUSINESS WE CAN  
ALL OPERATE-- RIGHT HERE  
IN COVERSIL BLUFFS-- A  
GAS STATION MAYBE--  
OR A RESTAURANT--  
WE'VE GOT ABOUT  
\$5,000 BETWEEN  
US--THAT SHOULD BE  
ENOUGH MONEY.

YOU'RE RIGHT-- BUT THE  
GAS STATION BUSINESS  
AIN'T EXACTLY BOOMING  
RIGHT NOW-- AND I DON'T  
THINK A RESTAURANT  
WOULD WORK-- PEOPLE  
DON'T ENJOY LOOKING  
AT US AND EATING...  
...WE NEED SOMETHING  
ELSE...

...HOW ABOUT A  
MOVIE THEATRE?

...A BOOK  
STORE?

A  
LAUNDRETTE  
MAYBE?

WELL THE AVERAGE GUY IS OUT  
OF WORK, HE GOES OUT AND GETS  
HIMSELF SOME OTHER JOB-- WHEN  
A BUSINESSMAN GOES OUT OF  
BUSINESS, HE BEGINS A NEW  
BUSINESS...

BUT WHEN A GROUP OF CIRCUS  
FREAKS ARE THROWN OUT OF  
WORK-- WHAT DO THEY DO?  
THE ANSWER IS WHAT OUR  
TALE OF TERROR IS ALL ABOUT...

THIS IS A TOURIST  
AREA-- HOW ABOUT WE  
WORK ON THAT IDEA--  
MAYBE WE COULD OPERATE  
A TOURIST SHOP-- MAKE  
THE CLOWNS WE SELL-- OR  
MAYBE A SPORTING GOODS  
STORE-- LIKE FOR HAYSEES  
AND FISHMEN-- OR  
MAYBE A TOURIST BOAT--  
YEH-- MAYBE WE COULD TAKE  
TOURISTS UP AN DOWN THE  
RIVER OR TOURS-- HOW  
BOUT THAT?

# THE VAMPIRE FREAKS



I WISH WE COULD BUY THE TUG BOAT AS OUR TOURIST LAUNCH- I'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO BE A TUGBOAT CAPTAIN...

SORRY TONY-- BUT IT'S TOO SMALL-- IT WOULDN'T HOLD ENOUGH PEOPLE-- HAVE YOU GOT SOMETHING BIGGER FOR SALE MASTER P?

WELL--THE ONLY OTHER THING I'VE GOT IS A BARGE -- YOU PULL IT ALONG THE RIVER BY A ROPE ATTACHED TO HORSES ON THE RIVER BANK...

YOU GOTTA DEAL WITH IT!

HEY--THAT'S A DIFFERENT IDEA-- WE CAN FIX UP THE FLAT TOP WITH CHAIRS-- AN WE CAN ERECT A PLATFORM AT ONE END, WHERE WE CAN PUT ON A SHOW ON THE RETURN TRIP...

...YOU'VE GOT A GOOD IDEA-- I CAN LOOK AFTER THE HORSES-- I ALWAYS LOVED HORSES--

HOW MUCH DO YOU WANT FOR THIS BOAT? CAN YOU ARRANGE TO GET US HORSES TOO?

THE BARGE WILL GET YOU BACK \$ 500-- AND THE HORSES I CAN GET FOR ABOUT \$ 300 APiece...



THE NEXT FEW WEEKS WERE SPENT PUTTING EVERYTHING IN ORDER FOR THE FIRST CRUISE UP THE CAYNVAL RIVER -- THEY EXHAUSTED THEIR MONIES -- AND THEY EXHAUSTED THEMSELVES -- BUT THEY HAD A LOT OF FUN -- FOR THEY WERE WORKING FOR A FUTURE-- A FUTURE FILLED WITH THE PROMISE OF HAPPINESS...



...AND ON HIS AMBASSY VOYAGE,  
THE GOOD SHIP FORTUNE  
HAD A FULL COMPLEMENT OF  
PASSENGERS...

WE ARE NOW  
PASSING BY FORT COOPER  
— TWO HUNDRED YEARS AGO  
THIS WAS GAMBRO FORT FOR  
THE TOWN OF COMBAT BLUFFS  
— TO WARD OFF ATTACKS  
BY INDIANS...

THIS AREA OF  
THE RIVER IS INFESTED  
WITH SNAKES OF ALL  
KINDS—MANY OF THEM  
ARE POISONOUS AND  
YOU ARE WARNED NOT  
TO WAVE YOUR HANDS  
OVER THE SIDE OR  
THE BOAT!

HE'S A NICE  
LITTLE MAN—HE  
SPEAKS VERY  
NORMALLY—IT'S TOO  
BAD HE'S SO  
SHORT!

I WOULD TRUST  
SUCH PEOPLE—I  
SAW A MAN ONCE  
ON A T.V. TALK SHOW  
AND HE WAS A  
POCKYEST—HE  
WAS SHORT TOO!

WAS SHE  
MURDERED?  
HOW DO SHE  
DIE?

THIS  
WOMAN IS  
DEAD!

WHAT  
HAPPENED?

HER THROAT  
IS TORN—BLOOD  
IS POURING FROM  
SMALL HOLES IN  
THE ARMS, LIKE  
VAMPIRE TEETH  
WOULD MAKE!

—WHICH ONE  
OF YOU DID THIS?  
WHICH ONE OF  
YOU IS A  
VAMPIRE?

I KNOW WE  
SHOULDN'T HAVE  
COME ABOARD WITH  
THESE PEOPLE—THEY  
MURDERED HER—  
LOOK AT THEM—  
PUTTY-PAWLY  
PEOPLE...

LADIES AND  
GENTLEMEN—YOU  
MUST BELIEVE US—  
WE KNOW AS LITTLE  
ABOUT THIS AS YOU  
DO...

THIS WAS  
SPOILED OUR  
MADON VOYAGE—  
SURELY YOU CAN'T  
BELIEVE WE HAD  
ANYTHING TO DO  
WITH IT?



I'M THE SHERIFF AND WE'LL HOLD AN INVESTIGATION RIGHT HERE AND NOW TO FIND OUT WHO DID IT.

IN THE FIRST PLACE DON'T BELIEVE IT WAS ANY VAMPIRE THAT KILLED THIS OLD LADY-- IN THE 2ND PLACE EVERYBODY KNOWS VAMPIRES CAN'T LIVE IN DAYLIGHT!

THE SHERIFF! THANK GOD YOU'RE ABOARD-- YOU CAN FIND OUT WHO THE MURDERER WAS...

--WELL IT MUST HAVE BEEN ONE OF YOU FREAKS-- WHY WOULD IT BE ONE OF US?

WE'LL HOLD ON NOW-- LET'S CONDUCT THIS IN AN ORDERLY MANNER...

ON THIS IS ABSOLUTELY RIDICULOUS! VAMPIRES DON'T LIVE IN DAYLIGHT! FOR GODDAMN'S SAKE CONDUCT THIS INVESTIGATION IN A SCIENTIFIC WAY!

SOMEBODY IS LYING-- SOMEBODY WAS AT THE BACK OF THE BOAT HERE WITH THE OLD LADY... NOW-- WHO IS LYING? WHO'S THE MURDERER?

MOMMY!

NOT NOW TOMMY!

I THINK MAYBE THAT REMARK WAS UNCALLED FOR LADY!

MOMMY-- MOMMY LISTEN TO ME!

I INTEND TO SOLVE IT-- EVERYBODY SIT DOWN EXACTLY WHERE YOU HEARD THE SCREAM!

NOT NOW TOMMY-- LISTEN!

ALLRIGHT-- I'M SORRY-- BUT PLEASE FIND THE MURDERER-- THIS INCIDENT HAS BOILED OUR CRUISE!

WELL-- YOU WERE THE CLOSEST-- DIDN'T YOU SAY ANYTHING?

ME? I DON'T SEE ANYTHING-- I WAS LOOKING OVER AT THE HORRIBLE DOGS ON THE BANK-- I HEARD THE SCREAM AND TURNED LIKE EVERYONE ELSE-- THERE WAS NO-ONE BESIDE THE OLD LADY WHEN I TURNED!

NO-ONE?

NO SIR-- NO-ONE!

FORTUNE





ON MY WORD  
-- TONY IS  
DEAD -- YOU  
CRAIGED  
HIM / YOU  
MURDERED  
TONY!

WELL IT WAS HIM ANYWAY  
-- WE KILLED ONE OF US --  
THE LITTLE FREAK  
DESERVED  
TO DIE!

IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN HIM --  
HE WAS TALKING ON THE  
PLATFORM AT THE FRONT  
OF THE BOAT AS WE ALL  
WATCHED!!

HEMANY  
--HEMANY!

OH, WHAT  
IS IT TONY?

THE LITTLE  
MAN DIDN'T KILL  
THE OLD LADY!

THAT'S FRAGRANTIC  
-- THEN SHE JUSTIFIED  
OF A HEART ATTACK  
FOULS--THAT'S ALL--

WHAT? -- YOU SAW  
THE MURDER? -- WHO  
KILLED THE OLD  
LADY? -- WHO?

WELL -- NO  
HARM DONE  
-- LET'S GET  
ON WITH OUR  
GUDED CRUISE  
-- EVERYTHING IS  
SETTLED NOW!

YEAH -- AN' WE  
THOUGHT IT WAS  
MURDER! HA HA  
HA HA -- WELL  
THEY'LL TEACH  
US NOT TO JUMP  
TO FAST  
CONCLUSIONS.  
HA HA HA HA  
HA HA HA HA!

WHAT DID  
YOU SAY?

I-I SAID  
NO HARM DONE  
LET'S CONTINUE  
OUR VOYAGE, SH?

GET THE HELL  
OFF OUR BOAT!

"NO ONE KILLED HER--IT WAS  
RATS--WHITE RATS!!"  
"WHAT? WHITE RATS? BUT  
HOW CHILD?"  
"WELL THE LITTLE MAN WAS  
SPEAKING 'SOME WHITE RATS  
CAME ONTO THE BOAT AND RAN  
AROUND--I WAS LOOKING AT  
THEM--THEY SCARED THE OLD LADY  
-- AT FIRST SHE WAS SO  
FRIGHTENED SHE COULDN'T  
SCREAM-- SHE GRABBED HER  
HEART AND FELL OVER-- THEN THE  
RATS RAN TO HER AND BEGAN  
SQUAW TO EAT HER!"  
"WHAT? THEY WERE EATING HER  
AND SHE DIDN'T SCREAM?"  
"YES -- WHEN THEY BEGAN TO EAT  
HER THEN SHE SCREAMED AND  
EVERYONE CAME RUNNING  
OVER THEN-- BUT I GUESS SHE  
WAS ALREADY DEAD!"

the Little  
Horror-Mood  
Shop of Horrors

# HORROR MASKS

of classic horror characters

THE LITTLE HORROR - MOOD SHOP OF HORRORS is pleased to introduce itself into these pages by introducing a spectacular horror product for all genuine maniacs — HORROR - MASKS, ideally suitable for HALLOWEEN, WALK PURG IS NIGHT, APRIL FOOL'S DAY and JULY THE 4th, or for ANY night or early-morning haunting of your peculiar choosing. DIRECT FROM THE MANUFACTURER — LOW COST — HIGH QUALITY — DURABLE and other-wise good. Don't waste your money on cruddy imitations and inferior products — order these genuinely ALL-ORIGINAL, HIGHLY - IMAGINATIVE, CUSTOM-MADE horror-masks and receive them directly to your house through the mails FAST. MADE OF STRONG, HEAVY LATEX RUBBER.



MASK A10



MASK B10



MASK C10



MASK D10



MASK E10



MASK F10



MASK G10

**TOUGH  
STRONG  
LATEX  
MASKS**

We invite you to COMPARE both the QUALITY and the PRICE of our masks with those advertised in other magazines. The price is \$34.95 per mask, plus a few \$1.35 postage. A fair price for a great product. ORDER NOW for SPEEDY DELIVERY in time for your favorite occasions. All checks and money orders must be made payable in U.S. funds — yes, we ship out the country, but ORDER NOW.

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Great for parties and all haunting occasions — gather your friends and scare the hell out of them with these long playing horror recordings that are fun and weird! Have a party and go insane with these HORROR RECORDS.



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POSTER B14



POSTER B15



POSTER B16



POSTER B17



POSTER B18



POSTER B19



POSTER B20



POSTER B21



POSTER B22



POSTER B23



POSTER B24



POSTER B25

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## BLOOD

Spill some **VAMPIRE BLOOD** into your hair — or best friend's — and watch him laugh — great for dripping on the sides of your mouth at unexpected moments — the real thing . . .

ITEM F14 \$1.00



## MUG

**SKULL MUG** — these are really great for drinking blood, wine, milk, tea or coffee — looks great at an anniversary when your not drinking from it . . .

ITEM F19 \$3.25



## SKULLS

Very frightening — **STYLISH SKULLS** **HAZE SLOW IN THE DARK** — small \$2.50 — medium \$3.95 — large \$7.95 — not an inside your head and scare ghosts at they attack you during the night

ITEM F24A \$2.50  
ITEM F24B \$3.95  
ITEM F24C \$7.95



## scars

Cover your face and body with this **SCAR STUFF** and delight as people around you have heart attacks thinking you are a corpse risen from the grave about to kill them — really stuff . . .

ITEM F15 \$1.00



## BANKS

**SKULL BANK** — put your pennies into this device — nothing about bank and save up your allowance instead of foolishly squandering it on an **AMERICAN** magazine — a great toy . . .

ITEM F20 \$2.25



## hand

Probably the strongest **HAND** you'll ever see, or even — have it lying around scolding not from under the sofa, not the fence or even the kitchen sink — usually — will surprise everyone who sees it . . .

ITEM F25 \$1.95



## KIT

Complete **FACEPAINT** with this weird **DISGUISE KIT** and appear at the breakfast table looking like **THE MONSTER**, or a **MAD PROFESSOR** or any number of weird characters — only \$7.95 . . .

ITEM F16 \$7.95



## SNAKE

A 12" **SNAKE** for only \$1.50 is a great toy with a million uses — you can scare ANYONE you meet with this realistic, long snake — **Easy** requires this poor imitation.

ITEM F21 \$1.50



## Ugly

Want to look **UGLY**? This **UGLY KIT**, which gives in the dark, is so let you look as **UGLY** as you want — really gruesome — look like a corpse — fun for only \$1.95 . . .

ITEM F26 \$1.90



## nails

Tired of having hands like a normal person? For these **VAMPIRE NAILS** on your fingers (and look like fangs) — attack people, scare people, shake people with them nails — all in for . . .

ITEM F17 \$1.00



## HANDS

Horrible **MONSTER HANDS** will complete any monster or hellfire costume at only \$2.50 a pair — a great prize for a great person — guaranteed to frighten — very person out of his (or her) mind . . .

ITEM F22 \$2.95



## KIT

Look like a movie vampire — wear these **MONSTER FANGS** and look in the mirror — you'll scare even yourself (if there's no reflection in the mirror — not your responsibility) . . .

ITEM F27 \$2.00



## FANGS

**MONSTER FANGS** — scare everyone by simply putting them into your mouth and baring your fangs, then attacking people's necks — guaranteed fun and laughter — \$7.00 for 3 sets . . .

ITEM F18 \$1.00



## Blood

Get a huge, disgusting **BLOOD TEND** to use your friend's face and watch him laugh — very effective — only \$2.95 for lots of fun . . .

ITEM F23 \$1.95



## HAND

Life-sized **CUT - OFF HAND** — imagine this into your own hand under your coat sleeve, place this small hand beside you on the sofa as you casually scream in pain — watch everyone panic — all in for . . .

ITEM F28 \$3.95

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GIANT POSTERS two feet by three feet, at a price you can afford — DR. PHOBIA — FRANKENSTEIN — DRACULA — great monster and  
seven monster men for framing or mounting — 5 great vampire jokes — only \$1.00 — 1' x 2' . . .



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CONI PACE — a great media  
horse character of the modern  
class.



1900 — a dramatic poster of THE SPACE ODYSSEY movie that is already a CLASSIC . . .  
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and the poster ready to hyper-  
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POSTER C13

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-- THERE IS A RUMOR, OR A SUPERSTITION, THAT IN THE STATE OF WEST VIRGINIA, SOMEWHERE IN THE ROLLING HILLS, HIDDEN AWAY FROM ALL SOCIETY AND ALL HUMAN EYES, THERE IS A SUB-HUMAN BEING WHO COULD BE BEST DESCRIBED AS THE MISSING LINK BETWEEN MAN AND APE -- A SORT OF AMERICAN YETI, OR ABOMINABLE SNOWMAN -- THIS STORY NEITHER REFUTES NOR CONFIRMS THIS CALCULATION OF SEVERAL WEST VIRGINIANS, WHO CLAIM TO HAVE ACTUALLY SEEN THE MONSTER -- NO, THAT IS NOT THE PURPOSE OF THIS TALE -- THE REASON FOR THIS NARRATIVE IS MERELY TO RELATE AN INCIDENT THAT HAPPENED ON THE 16TH OF AUGUST 1973, SOMEWHERE IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS -- ALL WE CAN SAY IS THE PEOPLE INVOLVED IN THIS STORY SWEAR EVERY FACT HEREIN IS TRUE. (THOSE WHO ARE STILL ALIVE). THIS STORY WAS WRITTEN, IN PART, BY THORNTON WELLS, OF LYNCHBURG, WEST VIRGINIA -- A PARTICIPANT IN THE STRANGE EVENTS THAT FOLLOW --

# THE THING IN THE RAGGED MOUNTAINS



written by TED FREEMAN illustrated by WALTER FORTIS



YEH -- WE DON'T HAVE TO GET AWAY FROM THEM TO HAVE A GOOD TIME. WE CAN HAVE A GOOD TIME WITH THEM ALONG.

IT NEARS NIGHTFALL ON THE EVENING OF AUGUST 16, 1973 -- THORNTON WELLS -- EDGAR JASON AND JOHN RICHARDS ARE CONSIDERING A DAY OF HUNTING DEER --



WELL WE DIDN'T SEE A SINGLE DEER -- BUT IT WAS A NICE DAY ANYWAY -- TRACKIN' THROUGH THE HILLS --

THE NEXT TIME WE ALL GET A DAY OFF TOGETHER WE SHOULD BRING ALONG OUR WIVES -- WE DON'T SHOOT ANY DEER ANYWAY -- WE JUST WALK AN' TALK -- AND IT'LL BE A NICE BREAK FOR THEM TOO.



WHAT THE HELL IS THAT?

IT ISN'T A DEER -- LOOKS MORE LIKE A BEAR!





**K-BAMM  
KK-BAMM  
K-BAMM**



HIS GUN WAS USELESS--  
IT DIDN'T HAVE ANY  
EFFECT!

--WHAT ANIMAL'S  
SO POWERFUL THAT  
EVEN 4 BULLETS IN  
HIM HAVE  
NO EFFECT!



IT'S LEAVING--  
IT'S JUST  
WALKING  
AWAY!

YEH-- WELL  
I'M NOT GOING  
TO LET IT  
JUST WALK  
AWAY-- IT  
KILLED EDDY--  
AN I'M GOING  
TO KILL  
IT!



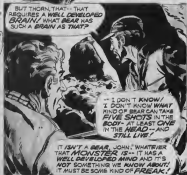
OH  
LORD!

IT'S-- CRUSHING  
HIS RIBS-- IT'S A BEAR--  
IT MUST BE A BEAR  
OF SOME KIND!

BUT HOW?  
RIFLE FIRE WAS  
NO EFFECT!

JASON DIDN'T  
HAVE TIME TO AIM--  
HE FIRED INTO ITS  
BODY-- I'LL PUT A SHOT  
RIGHT INTO ITS BRAIN--  
THERE'S NOTHING  
ALIVE THAT CAN  
SURVIVE THAT!









OH LORD--  
IT'S COMING  
AFTER ME  
NOW!



IT'S--  
IT'S EYES--  
IT'S EYES  
LOOK  
HUMAN!



IT'S--  
IT'S EYES--  
IT'S EYES  
LOOK  
HUMAN!



IT'S LEAVING! IF I  
WAIT 'TILL MORNING--  
'TILL I'M SURE IT'S GONE  
I'LL BE ABLE TO GET BACK  
TO LYNCHBURG-- I  
TRIED IT-- IT CAN'T  
GET ME!



В-ДАНН!  
В-ДАНН!  
В-ДАНН!

--RIFLE FIRE--  
MUST BE A RESCUE  
PARTY-- THEY  
MUST'VE SPOTTED  
THE THING!



DAWN-- WHERE  
IS THE RESCUE PARTY?  
--THOSE SHOTS I  
HEARD WERE  
HOURS AGO--  
THEY MUST'VE  
LEFT! THEY MUST'VE  
THOUGHT I WAS  
DEAD TOO!



THERE THEY ARE--  
DOWN BELOW ME!  
HEY THERE HEY!

DON'T TRY TO  
RUN, WELLS OR  
WE'LL SHOOT!

SH?

THROW  
DOWN YOUR  
GUN!



I--I DON'T  
UNDERSTAND  
SHERIFF--

YOU DON'T UNDERSTAND?  
WE JUST FOUND THE BODIES OF  
RICHARDS AND JASON! YOU  
SHOT THEM DURING THE NIGHT  
SCAFFOLD! WE KNOW THAT--  
ALL WE HAVE TO  
FIGURE OUT  
IS WHY!

SHERIFF--I--  
I DIDN'T SHOOT  
THEM! IT WAS  
AN ANIMAL--  
SOME SORT OF  
HUMAN  
MONSTER!

WE ATTACKED  
US! ED SHOT HIM  
AND WAS CRUSHED  
-- JASON TOO--  
THE ANIMAL  
CRUSHED  
THEM!

--AND AFTER THIS  
MONSTER ANIMAL  
CRUSHED THEM I  
SUPPOSE IT SHOT THEM  
TOO. SH?--AND THEN IT  
JUST LET YOU GO FREE,  
SH? YOU'RE UNDER ARREST  
--FOR THE MURDER OF 2  
MEN-- I DON'T KNOW WHAT  
HAPPENED UP HERE LAST  
NIGHT, BUT ANIMALS DON'T  
SHOOT MEN! ONLY MEN  
SHOOT MEN!



--THORNTON WELLS IS NOW A RESIDENT OF THE  
BIGERTON ASYLUM FOR THE MENTALLY INSANE, IN  
RICHMOND VIRGINIA--HE WROTE THIS TALE TO US,  
CLAIMING IT AS HIS ONLY DEFENSE AGAINST THE  
FIRST DEGREE MURDER CHARGES BEING BROUGHT  
AGAINST HIM-- HE DOES NOT CLAIM HIS INSANITY  
WAS RESPONSIBLE-- HE CLAIMS THE UNKNOWN  
TWINING IN THE RABBIT MOUNTAINS SHOT THE 2  
OTHER MEN, AFTER THEY WERE ALREADY DEAD - TO  
IMPLICATE, TO FRAME HIM AS REVENGE AND AS  
SELF-PROTECTION-- "FOR ALL THAT," SAYS MR.  
WELLS, "IF I HAD BEEN ALLOWED TO RETURN TO  
LYNCHBURG AND TELL THE TRUTH, AND WAS RELIEVED  
WHY-- THE WHOLE COUNTY WOULD BE OUT SEARCHING  
FOR IT." WE DO NOT DENY HIM OR PROTEST THE  
FACTS IN THIS STORY-- WE MERELY RELATE THEM AS  
WELLS RELATED THEM TO US, IN A SHAKING HAND  
ON THE LETTERHEAD OF A LUNATIC ASYLUM--  
NOW YOU DECIDE.



...IS THIS TOWN ANY DIFFERENT FROM MOORE, TRANSYLVANIA - OR ANY OTHER TOWN ANYWHERE IN THE WORLD, COME THE AMIDNIGHT HOUR? THE ANSWER IS NO...



VAMPIRES ARE ON THE LOOSE - ALWAYS WITH A SINGLE THOUGHT IN THEIR CORRUPT MINDS - MURDER...



- AND AS WE ALL KNOW TO COMMIT A MURDER, A PC/M/M IS REQUIRED - PREPARELY A 19 YEAR OLD GEL TOO HAVE TO REALIZE THAT TERRORS-OLK THE GENTS AFTER DARK

# FISTFUL OF FLESH

written by LESLIE BROWN  
illustrated by DENIS FORD





CUT!

THAT WAS  
REAL NICE--  
THAT'S A  
WRAP!

WHAT'S NEXT? THE  
TOWNSFOLK FIGURING  
OUT HOW THEY ARE  
GONNA KILL ME?

RIGHT TOM--THAT  
GIVES YOU THREE  
DAYS OFF TILL YOUR  
NEXT SCENE--YAWA  
GOOD REST.

TAMARA--YOU'RE ALSO  
FINISHED--FOR ABOUT A WEEK--  
TOM THE VAMPIRE, CALLS  
YOU BACK FROM THE GRAVE  
TO BE HIS SLAVE--

--I NEED  
A WEEK OFF--  
--IT'S NOT EVERY  
DAY A GIRL GETS  
ATTACKED BY A  
VAMPIRE--EVEN  
IF IT IS IN A  
MOVIE!

MR. FREDSON, DON'T FORGET  
THE OLD UNDERTAKER ED MURPHY  
AND THE GRAVE DIGGER, PETE,  
AND THE STUNT MAN--WE  
DON'T NEED ANY OF THEM  
FOR A FEW DAYS--

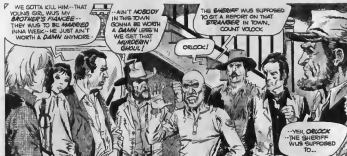


OH, RIGHT--YOU FELLOWS  
RELAX AND HAVE A GOOD  
REST--COME BACK ON THE  
SET INSPIRED ON FRIDAY.

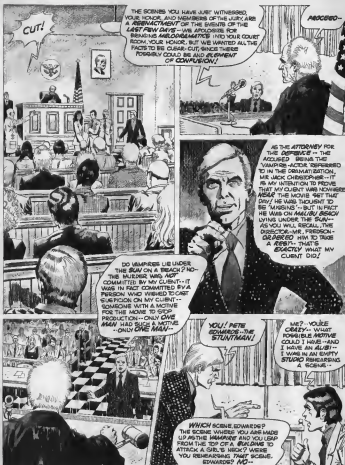


IS THAT IT JOHN?  
CAN WE PROCEED?  
--I WANT TO GET THE  
OPENING SCENE  
FINISHED TODAY!

YES MR. FREDSON,  
THAT'S IT--WE CAN SET  
UP THE TOWNSFOLK  
PLOTING TO KILL THE  
VAMPIRE SCENE NOW!







AND-- THERE'S NO WAY YOU WOULD BE REHEARSING THAT SCENE EDWARDS-- THAT SCENE WAS YOUR MOTIVE FOR WANTING THE MOVIE STOPPED! YOU WALK UNDER CONTRACT-- YOU HAD TO DO THE SCENE, UNLESS YOU STOPPED PRODUCTION OF THE MOVIE-- UNLESS YOU HAD THE \$10K MY CLIENT THROWN IN JAIL-- THAT'S WHY YOU MURDERED 'THE SHERIFF'! CASTING SUSPICION ON MY CLIENT!

YOU'RE CRAZY --WHY? WHY WOULD I WANT THE MOVIE STOPPED? WHY WOULDN'T I WANT TO PLAY THAT SCENE?

FOR ONE VERY SIMPLE REASON, MR. EDWARDS--

--BECAUSE THAT SCENE REQUIRES MAKE-UP-- MAKE-UP AS A VAMPIRE-- YOU WOULD REQUIRE FALSE VAMPIRE TEETH TO BE PUT IN YOUR MOUTH BY THE MAKE-UP DEPARTMENT-- AND YOU COULD NEVER ALLOW THAT, COULD YOU?

BECAUSE--

CAN'T I VAMPIRE?

YOU'RE CRAZY-- YOU CAN'T PROVE THAT!

CAN'T I?

--BECAUSE WHEN THEY PUT THE PHONY VAMPIRE TEETH IN YOUR MOUTH THEY WOULD DISCOVER SOMETHING CURIOUS ABOUT YOUR REAL TEETH-- THEY WOULD DISCOVER YOU REALLY ARE A VAMPIRE WOULDN'T THEY?

AAAAAAA

... STRANGER THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THE MOVIES, PERHAPS, BUT NOT IN AN AMERICAN COURT OF LAW, WHERE ONCE AGAIN -- AS ALWAYS, JUSTICE IS SERVED.

JUSTICE IS ALWAYS SERVED WHEN THE PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS ARE EXPOSED AS FLESH AND BLOOD, AND THEIR FLESH IS ALLOWED TO ROT.

ASHES TO ASHES -- DUST TO DUST -- THE VAMPIRE MEETS HIS MATCH, IN HELL!



A FEW THOUSAND *PIECES*, SEVERAL HUNDRED *DOLLARS* AND A HELLUVA LOT OF *GOLD* HAVE PUT MURRAY ROBERTSON AND LEE MORRELL WHERE THEY ARE...



IT'S ALMOST DUSK LEE. WE'LL FIND A ROOM AND HEAD OUT IN THE MORNING. OKAY WITH YOU?

FINE... BUT LET'S MAKE IT EARLY IN THE MORNING...



...AND ALTHOUGH THEY'VE COME A GREAT DISTANCE, IN SO MANY WAYS, THEIR JOURNEY IS ONLY BEGINNING!

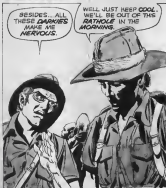
ROOMS  
2 PER NIGHT

...I WANT TO GET MY HANDS ON THAT GOLD AS SOON AS POSSIBLE. YOU'RE SURE OF EVERYTHING ARE YOU?

FOR GOD'S SAKE LEE! I'VE TOLD YOU A HUNDRED BLOODY TIMES... THE MAP IS AUTHENTIC... AND IT'S THE ONLY ONE / AS LONG AS WE HAVE IT THERE'S NO WAY WE CAN MISS GETTING OUR HANDS ON THE GOLD!



I HOPE SO BECAUSE I SURE AS HELL DON'T WANNA SPEND ANY MORE TIME TRAMPIN' AROUND IN THIS BIG SWAMP THAN I HAVE TO!



BESIDES... ALL THESE DARKIES MAKE ME NERVOUS.

WE'LL JUST KEEP GOING. WE'LL BE OUT OF THIS RATHOLE IN THE MORNING.



ONE ROOM FOR THE TWO OF US... ONE NIGHT.

THESE ARE THE MEN AROUND WHOM THIS STORY REVOLVES... FOR IT IS *THEY* WHO HAVE SET IN MOTION THE WHEELS OF HORROR THAT WILL SOON GRIND THEM UNDER... IT IS *THEY* WHO WILL *CHOOSE* ON THEIR TERROR... FOR IT IS *THEY* WHO WILL ENCOUNTER THE

# SNAKEWIZARD!

MORNING COMES TO THE COASTAL VILLAGE BUT LONG BEFORE ANY OF THE OTHER INHABITANTS ARE ABOUT TWO MEN ARE LEAVING THE TOWN...



written by AUGUSTINE FUNNELL  
Illustrated by ANDY CRANFORD



BUT THERE'LL BE MORE THAN SIXTEEN DOLLARS WAITING FOR US WHEN WE GET TO THE TEMPLE!

...WITH THINGS MORE PRESSING THAN A PLEASANT SURPRISE ON THEIR MINDS!

HOW LONG DO YOU THINK IT'LL BE BEFORE THAT OLD DARKIE FINDS OUT WE RANSACKED HIS SAFE?



DOESN'T MATTER BY THE TIME HE DOES FIND OUT HE'LL BE LONG GONE. TOO BAD THOUGH, THE OLD GOAT ONLY HAD SIXTEEN DOLLARS TO HIS NAME.

THEIR PROGRESS IS SLOW. FOR EVERY VINE AND ROOT THEY CHOP AWAY THEY CAN ONLY ADVANCE A FEW INCHES TO ANOTHER VINE OR ROOT.



A CLEARING! THANK GOD FOR THAT!



BLOODY GOOD THING TOO... I'M ALMOST OUT OF WATER!

CONSERVE IT FROM NOW ON IF WE RUN OUT OF THE DAMNED STUFF WE MIGHT AS WELL LAY DOWN AND DIE... NO ONE WOULD EVER FIND US IN THIS GOD-FORSAKEN HOLE!

PERHAPS THE THIRST WOULD KILL THEM... FOR THE TIME BEING THEY'LL NOT KNOW...



...AND THEY CERTAINLY DO TRY! YES BR... THEY CERTAINLY DO TRY!!



BUT THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN THIS JUNGLE THAT COULD KILL THEM...

SOMETIMES A MOMENT IS ALL THAT SEPARATES LIFE AND DEATH...



...BUT SOME ARE FORTUNATE...



OH GOD...

KILL IT MURRAY!  
KILL IT!!!



KRAK! KRAK



A SLIGHT RUSTLE OF PARTING BRANCHES AND MURRAY ROBERTSON WHIRLS AROUND, READY FOR ANYTHING FROM THE KILLER JUNGLE!



DARKIE OR NOT LEE... MAYBE HE CAN SAVE YOU... I SURE AS HELL CAN'T! C'MON OLD MAN... GET AT IT! AND JUST TO MAKE THINGS INTERESTING, IF HE DIES...



THE OLD MAN IGNORES THE GUN AND BEGINS HIS TASK... FIRST BLOCKING THE POISONED BLOOD FROM THE INFECTED AREA...



...TO FINALLY **BANDAGE** THE BLOODED HOLE AND ANNOUNCE

I AM FINISHED. HE WILL LIVE.

MURRAY... HE'S NOT KIDDIN'. THERE'S NO PAIN AT ALL. FEELS LIKE IT DID JUST BEFORE THAT **BLASTED SNAKE** BIT ME.



YER... ALL SNAKES ARE MINE... I AM **SNAKEWIZARD**.

**SNAKEWIZARD** HUH? WELL NOW... THIS IS GETTING INTERESTING. I SEE OLD MAN WE'RE LOOKING FOR SOMETHING CALLED THE TEMPLE OF THE SNAKE. AND SINCE YOU SEEM TO BE ON GOOD TERMS WITH THE **BLASTED THING**, I FIGURE YOU CAN LEAD US THERE.



...AND REACHING DEEPLY INTO THE SMALL POUCH HE CARRIES AT HIS SIDE FOR **MYSTIC HERBS** TO APPLY TO THE WOUND.



I AM SORRY FOR THE ACTIONS OF MY PET. HAD I KNOWN THIS WOULD HAPPEN I WOULD HAVE KEPT HIM NEAR ME.



YOU MEAN... THAT OVERGROWN WORM WAS **YOURS**?



WHADDYA SAY?

A BARGAIN WAGE? NOT EXACTLY BUT THE OLD MAN NODS HIS HEAD SLOWLY AND TURNS TO LEAVE THE CLEARING...



ANIMALS OF A WORSE VARIETY THAN THAT WHICH LAYS DEAD IN THE WATER FOLLOWING BEHIND HIM?



THE TREK THROUGH THE CUMING JUNGLE IS EASIER, NOTABLY EASIER, AND THE TWO MEN KNOW THEY HAVE FOUND THE KEY TO THE RICHES THAT AWAIT THEM...



... BUT THAT KNOWLEDGE, GREAT AS IT IS TO THEIR GREEDY MINDS, CANNOT COMPARE IN ANY WAY WITH THE SIGHT OF...



THE  
TEMPLE OF  
THE SNAKE!!!



THEY MOVE QUICKLY TOWARD THE GLEAMING ENTRANCE... FOR WITHIN ARE THE TREASURES THAT ALL GREEDY MEN LUST AFTER!

**GOLD!**  
THE DAMNED THINGS  
MADE OF **SOLID**  
**GOLD!**

THEY ENTER, THEIR HEARTS PUMPING BLOOD THROUGH THEIR BODIES AT A FURIOUS RATE!

A FEW MORE STEPS...  
AND WE'RE THE RICHEST  
MEN IN THE WHOLE  
DAMN WORLD!!!

THOSE STEPS ARE TAKEN... INTO THE CLASPING  
ARM OF THE SNAKE... AND THERE, IN ALL THE  
MAJESTY THAT IS POSSIBLE FOR ANY  
METAL IS...

**GOLD!**  
**GOLD!** A  
MILLION  
BILLION  
DOLLARS  
WORTH OF  
**GOLD!!!**

GOD...

THEIR GREED IS THEIR  
WORLD... THEY NEVER  
EVEN HEAR  
SNAKEWARD'S  
WORDS...

YOU ARE  
TRESPASSERS HERE  
AND MUST BE DEALT  
WITH ACCORDINGLY...

THESE STATUES  
ALONE ARE WORTH  
A BLOODY  
FORTUNE!

...ACCORDINGLY...

IT MOVES SWIFTLY... SILENTLY, ITS FLASHING TONGUE  
DISCLOSES ONLY A SMALL AMOUNT OF THE HORROR WITHIN!



**AAAWEEEE!!**

**NO!  
NO!**



...BACK INTO A  
FORM THAT WOULD  
FRIGHTEN **NO  
ONE!** BUT WHAT  
OF THE OTHER  
TWO BODIES?  
THEY TOO BEGIN  
TO CHANGE...  
THEIR SKIN  
TAKES ON A  
**YELLOWISH HUE**  
...BECOMES  
**HARD...COLD!**

**MY GOD!  
I CAN'T MOVE...  
BECOMING YELLOW!  
OH LORD... I'M  
TURNING INTO A  
GOLDEN  
STATUE!!!**

IN LESS THAN A MOMENT IT IS **FINISHED**. TWO  
BODIES LAY UPON THE FLOOR OF THE CHAMBER,  
**STIFF AND COLD...** AND ANOTHER ONE  
BEGINS TO CHANGE **ONCE MORE...**



HE **TURNS** THEN, AND WALKS SLOWLY  
OUT OF THE TEMPLE... FOR HE IS AN  
OLD MAN AND HAS NO USE FOR  
**GOLD!**



THE **MAP** GENTLEMEN, I **KNOW**  
YOU CAN HEAR ME... EVEN IF YOU  
**CANNOT** ACKNOWLEDGE MY  
WORDS.

**PLEASE  
GOD...NOT  
THIS...NOT  
THIS!!!**



THERE ARE OTHER WHITE  
MEN LIKE YOU... AND THEY  
WILL **NEED** THIS MAP TO  
**GET** HERE, AND I **DO** WANT  
THEM TO COME... SO  
**VERY** MUCH.



**NO...NO...**



## Nosferatu

The tale of the female fiend in Nosferatu's *Castle Red* when she was an innocent child — and *ENDS* in terror as a cold witch . . . page 4

## You can't judge a Killer by the Corpse

People DO judge the criminal by his crime, which is a ghastly mistake in the case of this *KILLER* and his *CORPSE* companion . . . page 19

## The Breeders

Candy can rot your teeth, but can it devour your *SOUL*? The Breeders knew . . . page 26

## The Exorcist

A shocking review of the shock movie of the decade . . . page 32

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